

## The second part of

*Hofteffe* Master Phang, haue you entred the action?

*Phang* It is entred.

*Hofst.* Wheres your yeoman? ist a lusty yeoman? wil a stand too't?

*Phang* Sirra, wheres Snare?

*Hofst.* O Lord I, good master Snare.

*Snare* Here, here.

*Phang* Snare, we must arest sir Iohn Falstaffe.

*Hofst.* Yea good master Snare, I haue entred him and all.

*Snare* It may chaunce cost some of vs our liues, for he will stabbe.

*Hofst.* Alas the day, take heed of him, he stabel me in mine owne house, most beastly in good faith, a cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out, he will soyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

*Phang* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

*Hofst.* No nor I neither, 'le be at your elbow.

*Phang* And I but fist him once, and a come but within my view.

*Hofst.* I am vndone by his going, I warrant you, hees an infinitue thing vppon my score, good maister Phang holde him sure, good master Snare let him not scape, a comes continually to Pie corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubbers head in Lumbert streete to master Smooths the silk man, I pray you since my exion is entred, and my case so openly knowne to the worlde, let him be brought in to his answer, a hundred marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare. and I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin subd off, and subd off, and subd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on, there is no honesty in such dealing, vnlesse a woman should be made an asse, and a beast, to beare euery knaues wrong: yonder he comes, and that arrant malmie-nose knaue Bardolfe with him, do your offices. do your offices master Phag, & master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Enter sir Iohn, and Bardolfe, and the boy.*

*Falst.*

## Henry the fourth.

*Falst.* How now, whose mare's dead? whats the matter?

*Phang* I arrest you at the sute of mistris *Quickly.*

*Falst.* Away varlets, draw Bardolfe, cut me off the villaines head, throw the queane in the channell.

*Hofst.* Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee in the channell, wilt thou, wilt thou, thou bastardy rogue, murder, murder, a thou honisuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the Kings? a thou honiseed rogue, thou art a honiseed, a man queller, and a woman queller.

*Falst.* Keepethem off Bardolfe.

*Offic.* A reskew, a reskew.

*Hofst.* Good people bring a reskew or two, thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta, do do thou rogue, do thou hempseed.

*Boy* Away you scullian, you rampallian, you fullilarian, ile tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter Lord chiefe iustice and his men.*

*Lord* What is the matter? keepe the peace here, ho.

*Hofteffe* Good my lord be good to me, I beseech you stand to me.

*Lord* How now sir Iohn, what are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse?

You should haue bin well on your way to Yorke: Stand from him fellow, wherefore hang'st thou vpon him.

*Hofst.* O my most worshipful Lord, and't please your grace I am a poore widdow of Eastcheape, and he is arrested at my sute.

*Lord* For what summe?

*Hofst.* It is more then for some my Lord, it is for al I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home, he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his, but I wil haue some of it out againe, or I wil ride thee a nights like the mare.

*Falst.* I think I am as like to ride the mare if I haue any vantage of ground to get vp.

*Lord* How comes this sir Iohn? what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation, are you not ashamed to inforce a poore widdow, to so rough a course to come

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